WOMAN'S WORLD.

ORIGINALITY OF THE AMERICAN NEEDLEWORK GUILD.

Adelaide M. Anderson—For Beautiful Arms—Will She?—Pretty Betty Bliss. The Daughters and the Dames—Kitchen Refuse—She's a True Heroine.

"Only two new garments a year, no matter how small or inexpensive as long as they are new," is the appeal made by the district presidents of the American Needlework guild in drumming up recruits for the organizaiton.

This needlework guild is a distinctly new charity and is conducted on a principle different from any heretofore attempted in this city. The object of the guild is to furnish new, plain and suitable garments to the deserving poor, whether they be in the hospitals or in their own wretched homes. The idea of giving new garments is to raise the self respect of unfortunate people who so frequently undergo humiliation in being obliged to accept castoff clothing.

The headquarters of the National guild are in Philadelphia, where it was organized nine years ago on a similar plan to that organized by Lady Wolverton and put into execution in England. For a time the work in this country was confined to Philadelphia. A branch was eventually started in New York, and a few weeks ago Miss Willard came here from Philadelphia and organized the third city branch of the National guild. The meeting was held at the residence of Mrs. Horace Davis. Miss Willard, who had been in correspondence with a number of the prominent ladies of this city, had her plan well outlined and explained it in such a comprehensive way that the ladies present immediately became enthusiastic and organized a local branch of the National guild before the meeting adjourned. Since that it has continued to grow with surprising rapidity. Here it is the middle of summer, when, strictly speaking, all society is out of town and most charities are temporarily suspended. But this guild has excited a deep rooted rather than a spasmodic interest, which has grown until it has become a popular fad. Groups of ladies discussing the guild and outlining plans for its extension may be found any morning on the verandas of the fashionable resort hotels. It is a recognized topic of conversation. The organization being nonsectarian creates a more general and widespread interest than would otherwise exist.

The work is planned on a simple yet practical basis. Any one may become a member by giving two garments a year. A member obtaining contributions from 10 or more persons amounting to 22 garments may become a director. The city branches are divided into sections, which are under the supervision of a president and several directors. Each president is responsible for 110 garments a year. She pledges herself for that number and must abide by her obligation.

It was feared this regulation would be somewhat of a drawback to the success of the guild work in this city, for, while all the ladies were willing to contribute two garments, few felt inclined to assume the responsibility of 110 garments. After the first three sections were started and the ladies saw how easy it was to interest their personal friends in the work their hesitancy vanished, and one by one they consented to become presidents until there are now 31 acting in that capacity for the same number of sections.

Mrs. A. M. Easton was elected honorary president of the city branch, Miss C. Gwin the president, Miss M. M. Greer the secretary and Mrs. W. R. Smedberg the treasurer.

One peculiarity about this charity is its freedom from meetings. There are no weekly or monthly meetings to be attended and no after meeting little gossips to be enjoyed. The charity has no social side, which makes its popularity all the more surprising. Once a year there is a meeting at the time of distribution, but that is all. When it comes time for the yearly distribution, every section sends in its collection. One of the down town halls will be hired for the occasion, and all the garments that have been donated by the guild members during the year will be on exhibition. The public will be invited to attend and inspect the display. Mrs. Easton and Miss Gwin, assisted by several ladies, will then sort over the articles, do them up in packages, label them and direct an expressman where to take them. Any section is privileged to suggest to the committee where it prefers having its contributions sent. There is considerable labor attached to the distribution, but the ladies think nothing of their time and work, so interested are they in alleviating the distress of the poor.—San Francisco Examiner.

Adelaide M. Anderson.

The good service rendered by women as factory inspectors is attested by the appointment of Miss Adelaide M. Anderson to an inspectorial office. Miss Anderson, it is gratifying to remember, is the fourth lady inspector detailed to carry out the provisions of factory legislation as they affect women in the United Kingdom. She is a daughter of the late Mr. Alexander Gavin Anderson and is of Scottish extraction, though Melbourne is her birthplace.

She was educated at Girton college and took honors in 1887 in the moral sciences tripos. A year ago she took the Gamble prize at the same college by an essay on "Joannes Scotus." After qualifying for her degree Miss Anderson devoted her time principally to the study and teaching of subjects dealing with ethics and political economy. Since 1892, however, she has been occupied with work under the direction of the secretary of the labor commission. The experience gained in this way should prove particularly useful to Miss Anderson in her new office, as should also her practical knowledge of the co-operative movement. In the latter connection it is interesting to note that Miss Anderson has both lectured to and examined the women of the Co-operative guild in elementary economics. She has also been for several years a member of the southern section of the Co-operative union. From this brief statement of facts it will be evident that Miss Anderson possesses strong qualifications, which have doubtless had their weight with the home secretary in making the present appointment.—London Queen.

For Beautiful Arms.

Take a two gallon pitcher of water in the right hand, raise it over your head and swing it from left to right in a circle for five minutes; then reverse the motion, circling it from left to right, holding the pitcher upright and avoiding spilling any of the fluid. When this can be accomplished with ease and accuracy, take a second two gallon pitcher filled with water and swing that first from left to right with the left hand, and as facility is acquired reverse the motion from right to left. More practice will be found necessary with the left than the right hand. Both hands and arms being trained, next take a two gallon pitcher full of water in each hand and make the movement with both simultaneously, being careful that the rapidly revolving pitchers shall not touch. The vessels must cross each other's orbits at different angles.

This is a most developing exercise to arms, neck and back, and when perfect in the exercise it will be possible to perform the neat little centrifugal experiment of the whirling of an open can of milk around the head without spilling a drop. Three months of this simple exercise will perfect the arms of even a delicate woman most beautifully and increase her physical strength to a point where she may without effort control her entire household. A husband who sees his wife whirling four gallons around her head with the grace and lightness of a butterfly upon the wing will hesitate about differing with her in mere matters of opinion.—New Orleans Times.

Will She?

Will the sweet girl graduate of this year openly patronize her parents? Of course they are comparatively uncultured people, but if she realizes how useful they are in a financial way she probably will not.

Will she, when in the course of her summer wanderings she meets a famous scientist or philologist, feel that it is her duty to tell him of the latest results of research in a particular field? If she knew how grateful he would be to her for abstaining from so doing, she probably would abstain.

Will she roll up her sleeves and help her dear old mother wash dishes? Most certainly not! Why not? Because the sweet girl graduate has lovely white hands and arms, and even when she wears sleeves she does not care to wash dishes.

Will she make a bonfire of her books in the exuberance of her joy, or will she sell them to the next class for much and give it to the poor soda water man?

Will she write to each girl in the class during the summer, as she promised? Probably not, and, if she does, think what a sweet surprise those epistles will be to most of the girls!

Will she try to sail a boat unaided, or to swim in unknown water, or to ride unfamiliar horses in the course of the summer? Doubtless. Why shouldn't she? Is she not perfectly sure that she knows everything that can be known?

Will she do all these and a thousand and one other things? She probably will. Or will a stray one or two of her here and there take the advice of one who has been there herself, which is, "Don't?"—Chicago Times.

Pretty Betty Bliss.

Mrs. Dandridge, the only surviving daughter of Zachary Taylor, has recently been visiting Washington. While General Taylor was president she married Colonel Bliss, his chief of staff. She presided in the White House and was generally known as "pretty Betty Bliss." Some time after the death of Colonel Bliss she married Philip Pendleton Dandridge of Winchester, Va., a place which was often the scene of hostile encounters during the war.

In spite of the fact that her whilom brother-in-law was president of the southern Confederacy, and her brother, General Dick Taylor, in active service at the head of his command, Mrs. Dandridge was never molested or in any way disturbed. Many of the Union officers had served under her father. Many had followed him to Mexico 20 years before. Some of them had paid their devoirs to the fair daughters and remembered "pretty Betty" with warm admiration. It is said that one of the Federal commanders in Winchester, passing her house, remarked:

"My old sweetheart, Betty Bliss, lives here. I must call upon her at once." He lost no time in doing so. The officers of the old army invariably paid their respects to Mrs. Dandridge. Although ardently southern in her feelings and sympathies, she always received them with the most gracious courtesy. Since then, except an occasional European tour, Mrs. Dandridge has been living quietly at her home in Virginia. She is the only surviving child of the hero of Buena Vista and is still a charming woman.—Washington Post.

The Daughters and the Dames.

There is tremendous rivalry between the two organizations of women known as the Daughters of the Revolution and the Colonial Dames. It is based upon antiquity of lineage, as to be a Dame takes a few more ancestors than it does to be a Daughter. Not long ago at a woman's club reception a stranger from the west asked to be presented to any Daughters who might happen to be present. Some one, who was ignorant of the nice distinction between the two orders, forthwith introduced her to a woman who, at the word Daughter, drew herself up haughtily and exclaimed: "You have made a mistake. I am a Colonial Dame!"

The intention was so evident that the plucky westerner at once replied: "You will be good enough to understand that I can be a Dame, too, if I wished. My lineage is quite long enough." This incident serves to show the amiable attitude of the Dames.

On the other hand, the Daughters claim that their order is much more honorable, inasmuch as Dameship does not determine one's ancestors to have been patriots or tories, while the descendant of a Revolutionary hero is stamped with an inalienable loyalty. It is unquestionably true that if merit of lineage counts for more than mere length then the Daughters have the upper hand. Moreover, the objects of organization among the Dames are purely social, and social among themselves. The Daughters aim to help each other in many material ways.—New York Recorder.

Kitchen Refuse.

One of the things housekeepers find difficult at this season is the disposal of kitchen refuse. The caution is emphasized at least to keep it dry. The change which takes place when water is mixed with food waste is very different from that which it undergoes when kept dry. The one is putrefaction—dangerous, capable of causing illness if its gases are breathed by susceptible systems. The other is nature's mode of disposing of all things of earth—a true decomposition, or nitrification, a process of give and take worked out by living organisms.

If the refuse pail is left in the open air and all liquid kept out, practically no harm can be done, but the heat and steam of the kitchen accelerate putrefaction. The penetrating power of steam, greater than that of dry heat, goes deeper into the refuse pail than is realized.

A handful of earth should be a housekeeper's ever ready sanitary aid, especially in city houses. Taken from the surface in any back yard, it will be teeming with invisible life, ready to perform specific functions and reduce all to its own kind, earth or dust. Whether in earthworms or bacteria they serve as agents of sanitation and avert danger of rising gases as well as defeating those pestilential scavengers—flies. A covering of earth is a cleaner lid than ever tinsmith made.—New York Times.

She's a True Heroine.

One of the missionary heroines of the world is Miss Annie Taylor, a Presbyterian missionary to Tibet. Wealthy and cultivated, she decided in spite of the opposition of her parents to give herself to missions. She studied medicine and worked as a nurse in a hospital to prepare herself for the work. She also acquired a knowledge of dentistry. Largely at her own expense she went to China, assumed native costume, settled on the borders of Tibet and began to learn the language of that fierce people among whom Christian missionaries have not yet obtained a foothold.

Having thoroughly prepared herself, she made an entrance into the country, and there she has lived for some time. She has been exposed to the most terrible dangers, but the people of Tibet have spared a woman where they would not have spared a man. The chief several times tried to poison her. She was made a prisoner. She was exposed, unprotected, to rain and snow and intense cold, sometimes sleeping at night in a hole dug in the ground, and yet through thousands of dangers, through famine and death and what was worse than death, she was safely carried and has returned to tell us wonderful things of that dark nation and to make ready a force that shall take Tibet for Christ.—Golden Rule.

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FOR HOME AND VISITING.

The gown on the right is of ivory camel's hair, trimmed on bertha and skirt by black jetted passementerie. The figure at the left represents a white china silk and lace morning gown, richly trimmed with lace and blue ribbons. The child's frock is of dark blue surah, with white hand embroidery.

Out of the Frying Pan.

A New York man visited the family of a relative in the country, where he was not a welcome guest by any manner of means. After the visitor had spent one morning at the breakfast table the country uncle said:

"Dear cousin, don't you think your family will miss you painfully? You ought not to leave them alone so much."

"By Jove, that's so," exclaimed the New Yorker. "I'll telegraph them to come right on at once."—Texas Siftings.

An Inducement.

Irish Jarvey—Let me dhrive yer honor to Duneen Head.

English Tourist—I have seen that, Pat. I went there two years ago.

Irish Jarvey—Ah, your honor, shure they've added to the scenery since that toime!—Punch.

Misapplied.

He was a little man, but his firm, quick step and erect head showed that he weighed 16 ounces to the pound and had all the confidence of a man weighing 200 pounds.

He stopped on the corner till a street car came along and stepped aboard.

The car was full, and several people were standing. He took hold of a strap and looked over the crowd and saw that several women were standing, while a number of men were occupying comfortable seats.

It riled him to see it, and when his eyes fell upon a palefaced little woman holding onto a strap, while a large, lazy looking man sat near by, he could not remain silent.

"See here," said he to the big man, "here is a lady standing, while you have a seat."

"Yes," said the big man.

"Well, don't you think you ought to give up your seat to this woman, who has probably been hard at work during the day?"

"No."

"You don't?"

"I do not."

"Well," said the little man as he braced himself, "I do, and I am going to yank you clean out of this car."

He grabbed the big man by the collar and proceeded to drag him off the seat, but was interrupted by the woman, who grabbed him by the hair.

"Hold on," cried the little man.

"That's what I'm doing," said the woman.

"But I mean let up on this. What do you mean by attacking me?"

"Look a-here," said the female. "I didn't ask you to get me a seat. Besides I want you to know that man you have hold of is my husband."

The little man let go of the big man, and the woman let go her hold on the hair, and order was restored, but the little man was quiet until he reached the end of his route, and when he left the car he was heard to mutter, "And such is life."—Peck's Sun.

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